

**Periscope
Page**

**WANGLING
WORDS** — 85

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after LIV, to make a word.

2. Rearrange the letters of PERCES HOTEL, to make a Northern coast resort.

3. Change COAL into SACK, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration.

Change in the same way: LOCK into GATE, TIME into PIPS, LAMB into MINT.

4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from CARICATURE?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 84

1. TIEgiverate.

2. VIC OLIVER.

3. CORN, CORE, TORE, TORT, TOOT, TROT, TROD, PROD, PROP, CROP.

TEA, SEA, SET, SIT, SIN, SUN, BUN.

GLOW, GROW, GROT, TROT, TOOT, TORT, WORT, WORM.

WASP, WAST, CAST, COST, POST, PEST, NEST.

Tail, Lout, Rail, Liar, Tour, Rout, Hurt, Hart, That, Lath, Cult, Cart, Riot, Rota, Curt, Ruth, Tall, Talc, Tart, etc.

Rural, Tract, Trail, Tutor, Truth, Chart, Hour, Court, Rathe, etc.

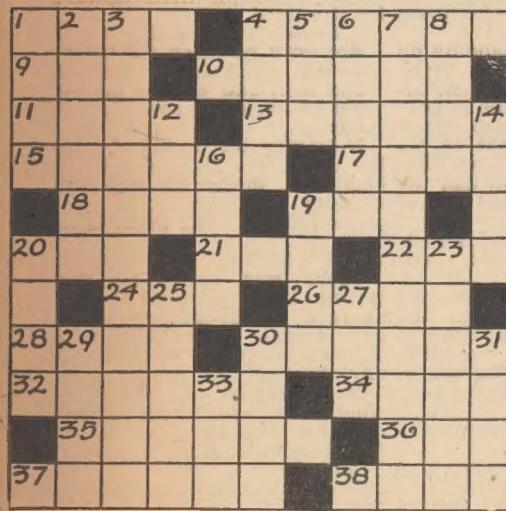
B	E	L	G	R	A	D	E
E	G	I	O	E	V	E	V
E	L	N	O	C	E	S	E
L	A	S	R	L	R	I	R
Z	N	E	K	A	A	R	E
E	D	E	H	S	G	E	S
B	U	D	A	P	E	S	T

Solution to yesterday's puzzle.

Send us your stories, jokes, drawings and ideas—help produce your own newspaper.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Stylish. 4 Headache.



CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Steep rock. 2 Cry of joy. 3 Rambling speech. 4 Meditate. 5 Sort of beer. 6 Forest space. 7 Without forgetting. 8 Notion. 12 Tint. 14 Tied. 16 Soot flake. 19 Meat dish. 20 Narrow aperture. 23 Undoing device. 25 Hold forth. 27 Zero. 29 Flesh food. 30 Remain. 31 Scold. 33 Fruit.

THE SINISTER WILL

R. L. Stevenson continues
the Strange Case of
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

"would have estranged Damon and Pythias."

Hitherto it had touched him on the intellectual side alone; but now his imagination also was engaged, or rather enslaved; and as he lay and tossed in the gross darkness of the night and the curtained room, Mr. Enfield's tale went by before his mind in a scroll of lighted pictures.

He would be aware of the great field of lamps of a nocturnal city; then of the figure of a man walking swiftly; then of a child running from the doctor's; and then these met, and that human Jugernaut trod the child down and passed on regardless of her screams.

Continued on Page 3.

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



It could be a sword-swallowing hedgehog, if you wanted to make it so, but, of course, you'd be wrong. It is, however, one of the following: Gopher, Hamster, Anteater, Mongoose, Spermophile, or Poyou. Can you say which? Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 122 is Painting the Forth Bridge.

That was the amount of information that the lawyer carried back with him to the great dark bed on which he tossed and fro, until the small hours of the morning began to grow large. It was a night of little ease to his toiling mind, toiling in mere darkness and besieged by questions.

Six o'clock struck on the bells of the church that was so conveniently near to Mr. Utterson's dwelling, and still he was digging at the problem.

Who is it?

He was born in 1857. Is famous for his immaculate topper and his perpetual cigars. The greatest supporter of all sport, racing, boxing, hunting, etc. Owns thousands of acres and a castle. Regular attendant at the ringside. Who is he? (Answer on Page 3)

JANE



QUIZ for today

- What is a gopher?
- Who wrote (a) "Coral Island," (b) "The Island of Dr. Moreau"?
- Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: Plaice, Turbot, Roach, Sole, Halibut, Haddock?
- What is a pretzel?
- Where is the Bridge of Sighs?
- What is murrain?
- What is meant by pulchritude?
- What is a nuphar?
- Where do we read of Captain Reece, R.N.?
- What is the difference between an oracle and an auricle?
- When, and by whom, was chloroform first used?
- What is chowder?

Answers to Quiz in No. 122

- A fruit bat, or flying fox.
- (a) Compton Mackenzie, (b) Louis Golding
- Emerald, which is green; all the others are red.
- An Irish moneylender.
- Caithness, Scotland.
- An Indian peasant.
- The act of drinking healths.
- Mountain ash.
- Character in Kipling's "Stalky and Co."
- A fibre obtained from an American plant related to the daffodil.
- 1045.
- A pole used for moving a punt.

ODD CORNER

WHEN the ancient Roman city at St. Albans was being excavated in 1932, a valuable mosaic pavement was unearthed, and it was decided to take it up so that it could be preserved. The Italian workmen, who have specialised in this sort of work since Roman times, were not obtainable, and the job was given to the only other person in the country who could do it.

This was a woman—Mrs. Mortimer Wheeler, the archaeologist. She took the pavement up intact by gluing canvas on to the top of it and then chipping away the cement underneath. The pavement was then rolled up like a carpet and taken away to be set in a frame. Here it was laid in new cement, and when dry the canvas was removed.

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Women experts are known in every field, and one of the most remarkable was Dr. Alice Werner, Emeritus Professor of Swahili and Bantu in the University of London, and the greatest authority on African native life. She spoke 300 languages, and lived the greater part of her life among the natives. During one trek she came across the mysterious Pakome tribe, believed to be the only race who eat crocodiles.

Beelzebub Jones**Belinda****Popeye****Ruggles****Garth****DR. JEKYLL and MR. HYDE***Continued from Page 2.*

Or else he would see a room in a rich house, where his friend lay asleep, dreaming and smiling at his dreams; and then the door of that room would be opened, the curtains of the bed plucked apart, the sleeper recalled, and lo! there would stand by his side a figure to whom power was given, and even at that dead hour he must rise and do its bidding.

The figure in these two phases

haunted the lawyer all night; and if at any time he dozed over, it was but to see it glide more stealthily through sleeping houses, or move the more swiftly and still the more swiftly, even to dizziness, through wider labyrinths of lamp-lighted city, and at every street corner crush a child and leave her screaming.

He might see a reason for his friend's strange preference or bondage (call it which you

please), and even for the startling clauses of the will. And at least it would be a face worth seeing: the face of a man who was without bowels of mercy, a face which had but to show itself to raise up, in the mind of the unimpassioned Enfield, a spirit of enduring hatred.

(To be continued)

Answer to WHO IS IT?
LORD LONSDALE.

Percival and Arabella

By F. W. THOMAS

THE Aged Philosopher sat up in bed and removed a portion of Abernethy biscuit from his beard.

Romance (he said) is alleged to have brought up the nine-fifteen. Maybe—maybe the engine driver was courting a house-parlourmaid. Perhaps the fireman was in love with his landlady's daughter.

But if ever you fall in love, my sons, don't get it mixed up with such material matters as the nine-fifteen. Learn to keep things separate. Fact and Fancy are as oil and water. They will not mix. And women hate facts. Especially women in love. They have enough facts to deal with in connection with coupons and ration books, and they prefer their romance neat, unadulterated with dull and ponderous things like facts.

In witness whereof, let me tell you the sad story of Percival Parsley.

Percival was a Chartered Accountant, and, I believe, a very good one. Double-entry was just pie to him, and at balancing books he had Cinquevalli looking like a rhinoceros with lumbago. There was nothing that young man could not do with figures.

HE FIGURED IT OUT.

But one day a figure he had never seen before came into his life. It belonged to Miss Arabella Miffy, a sweet and gentle maid, "too bright and good for human nature's daily food." At least, so Percival thought.

Nevertheless he decided to have a go. To that end he bought himself a pink shirt and a brown bowler hat, and set off in quest of his beloved.

Like a good tactician, he started slowly. First, he bought her a buttonhole. Then he held her hand. Later, about seven months later, he let her take him to the movies, on condition that he paid the bus fare, which was tuppence.

And so Love burgeoned in their hearts, and often they would sit for hours, looking into each other's eyes, which was economical, and just suited Percival, who had a frugal mind.

Sometimes, on balmy summer evenings, they would sit together on a stile, while he spoke to her in hushed accents of the Differential Calculus and the Binomial Theorem. She just loved that.

Then came a magical evening in June. Hand in hand they wandered through the flower-sprinkled meadows, listening to the song of the Lesser Spotted Wimplesnitch, and watching the cows as they placidly chewed their last meal all over again.

There was a young moon, a silver sickle in the western sky, and the last of the daylight was fading in rose and daffodil. On a bank beside a murmuring stream sat Percival with his Arabella, and all was right with the world.

Pensively, the demure young damsel plucked a daisy, and with downcast eyes proceeded to strip it of its petals, one by one, whispering to herself that age-old rune, "He loves me, he loves me not, he loves me."

BY ARITHMETIC.

"Pardon me," said Percival, "but what you are doing is quite unnecessary. May I suggest that you first count the total number of petals and then divide them by two. Should the number prove to be an even one, by which I mean that there is no remainder, then you may take it that your affection is not reciprocated.

"On the other hand, should there be a remainder of one—"

But here the sweet young wench lifted her umbrella and caught him an almighty wallop over the scone or cranium, kicked his bowler hat into a green ditch, and so went home.

Three weeks later, although quite ignorant of the language, she married a French Polisher.

And now (said the Aged Philosopher) you boys buzz off. My bread-and-milk's getting cold.

Sid Field says—

IN a big hotel I overheard the head porter say to a very small page: "Why did it take you four hours to go to the post office?"

The boy looked very innocent, and replied: "Well, you said to see how long it would take me to get there and back."

He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd
he could whistle them back.
*Oliver Goldsmith
(on Garrick).*

Our ancestors were very good kind of folks; but they are the last people I should choose to have visiting acquaintance with.
*Richard B. Sheridan
(1751-1816).*

But pleasures are like poppies spread;
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or, like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white, then melts forever.
Robert Burns.

Of their own merits modest men are dumb.
*George Colman
(1762-1836).*

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



"Look, Mamma, you can't do this, nor can Pop. Ha, ha ! Youth can do ANYTHING."



"Blimey ! I'm feelin' dizzy. Hell ! I'll never pass out for the Navy."



"Loosen up, child, loosen up. You're stiff with fright. You'll pass O.K. for the Navy. Submariners love mascots."

GIVING YOU THE LOW-DOWN



Columbia star Janet Blair seems all set for a full-length conversation. Wonder who the lucky guy at the other end is. Whoever he may be (unless he has television), we still think our "point of view" on the discussion is the better one.



Did you ever see such a despondent "eleven" take the field ? Looks as though they've all been dismissed for "ducks."



"Excuse me, but have you just come in with the tide ? I don't believe you're real, you know. When I get used to you, I'll take you to the water, just to see."

This England

Schoolgirl stories in the playground of a school under the shadow of Tewkesbury's fine old Norman Abbey.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Excuse me, my lunch is coming along."

